WIN A £2 POSTAL ORDER
SEE PAGE 22

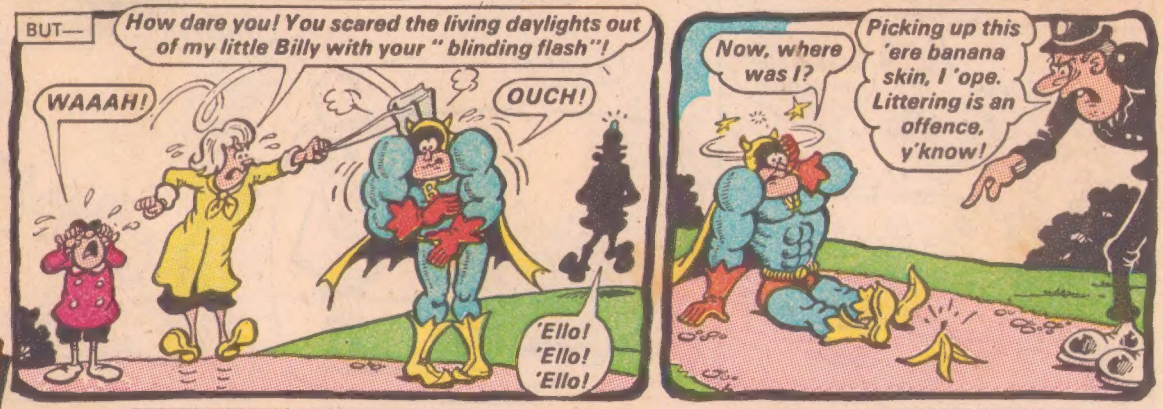
NUTTY

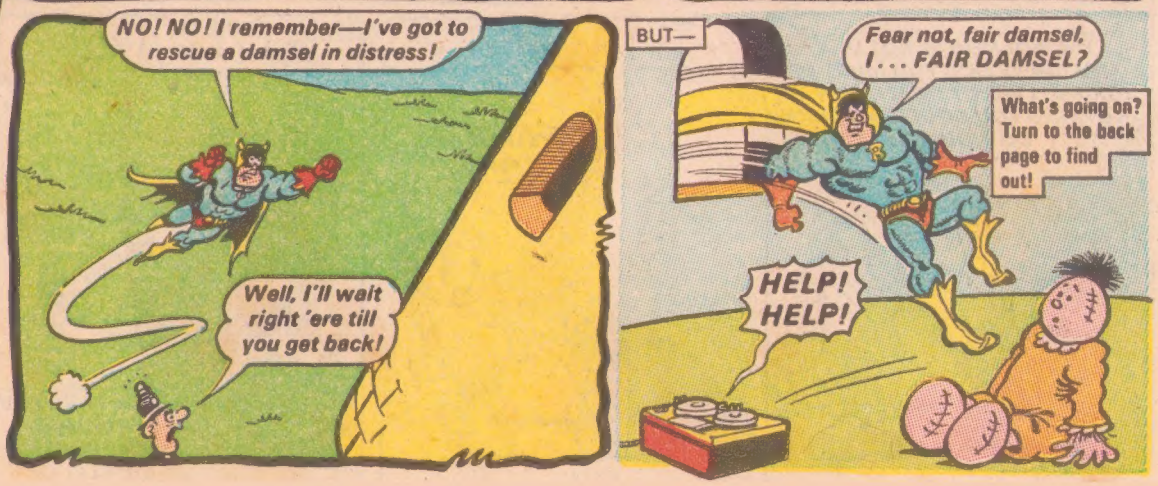
APRIL 4th, 1981 No. 60 EVERY SATURDAY 10p

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN SCHOOLKID, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A SPECIAL BANANA AND BECOMES . . . BANANAMAN!

BANANAMAN

ONE DAY, OUR ERIC WAS TRUDGING HIS WAY HOME, WHEN—
AIIEEEEE!
GOSH! Sounds like a damsel in distress. Only one person can save her . . .
. . . ME, of course! With a little help from 'nana here.
SO, OUR HERO SCOFFS HIS 'NANA, AND IN A BLINDING FLASH, BECOMES . . .
. . . BANANAMAN!


BUT—
How dare you! You scared the living daylights out of my little Billy with your " blinding flash"!
WAAAH!
OUCH!
'Ello! 'Ello! 'Ello!
Now, where was I?
Picking up this 'ere banana skin, I 'ope. Littering is an offence, y'know!


NO! NO! I remember—I've got to rescue a damsel in distress!
Well, I'll wait right 'ere till you get back!
BUT—
Fear not, fair damsel, I . . . FAIR DAMSEL?
What's going on? Turn to the back page to find out!
HELP! HELP!

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

LAST WEEK, SUE-HELEN GAVE JAY R'S PET, CRUNCHER, A BOW RIBBON. NOW CRUNCHER INSISTS ON WEARING IT ALL THE TIME, MUCH TO JAY R'S EMBARRASSMENT.

CRUNCHER

I'm the snazziest alligator in town!

I won't take you for a walk until you get rid of that soppy bow. What do you say to that?

SNAR-R-R-RL!

G-GULP!

WALKIES! HUR! HUR!

OOH! This is awful!

HO! HO! Look at Jay R and his wet pet!

Are you gonna stand for that?

HA! HA!

What a pretty bow!

PARK

NOPE!

YEOW! OW!

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

YAROO!

AND—

Who are the "wets" now? HUR! HUR!

K-keep him away from us!

Now, please, PLEASE get rid of that bow, Cruncher. I'll do anything! . . .

Anything?

SO—

WHISPER! WHISPER! . . . WHISPER!

What? . . . A SWOP? . . .

OH, NO! NEVER! NOT IN A MILLION YEARS! YOU MUST BE JOKING! I WON'T DO IT! NO WAY! NOTHING YOU COULD POSSIBLY DO WOULD . . .

GRAAAAARRGH!

YELP! N-not again!

NTY 4.4.81

SO—

GROAN! I could just die!

TEE-HEE!

CHUCKLE!

HO! HO!

BUD

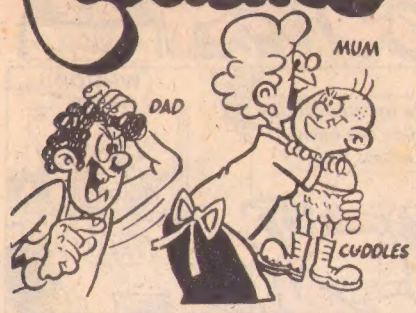
You've got to TAKE YOUR HAT OFF to Jay R— he handled that well! GIGGLE!

PETER Pest

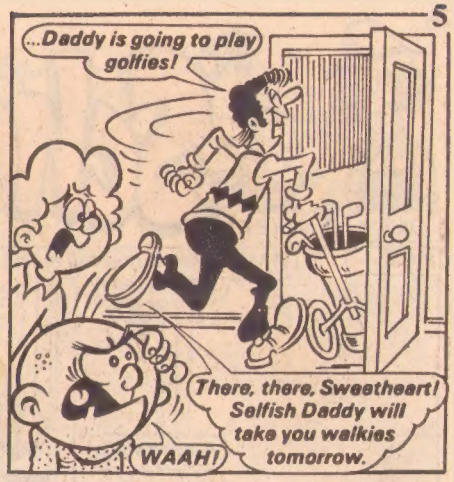
ONE ROMANTIC EVENING—
Kiss me! Oh, kiss me! Please!
Oh, all right, Doris!
SMACK!
Bah! Pest!
Hi, Sis! Aren't you pleased to see me?
GOOD NIGHT, PETER!
Yes, it is, isn't it? Look at that nice moon up there!
HMM!
There! That's taken care of him!
My hero!
CLANG!
Now you can kiss me!
MMM! I... I can hear bells!
NOT QUITE! INSIDE THE BIN—
CLANG!
I WANT OUT!
You little... eh? Where's he gone?
GONE!
OOPS! I've dropped my brick!
There you... EEK!
UPSTAIRS, IN MUM'S ROOM—
YEOWCH! AAARGH! MY HEAD!
What's all the noise about? Time you were indoors, Doris!
Calm yourself, Sis! There are other boys. He wasn't so handsome anyway!
You... you... you little...!
NTY 4.4.81

FATBELLY
FLASH
The WHEELIES
ACE
BARRIE
Aah! There's nothing like a cycle into the countryside.
TWEET!
HUM!
Yeah! The birds singing, bees humming, and . . .
. . . SNAKES HISSING?!?
Let's get out of here!
HISS!
That was no snake. It was me letting their tyres down.
GRR! Snake-in-the-grass.
BAH! We'll fix that bully, Rod Hog.
We'll teach him not to let OUR tyres down.
SOON—
There he is! Now for my rope trick.
GASP! All my bullying must be tiring me out. I can't get going at all today.
TITTER!
TEE! HEE!
STRAIN
SKID
WOW! Suddenly I'm back to normal.
Oo-er!
SNAP
GNNGH!
WHAM!
TOSS
BUMP
GRR! ROPE me in for your tricks, would you?
OH, DEAR! He's catching up, FAST!
GOSH! We nearly forgot about the mud pool.
EEK! I DID forget about it!
TURN
SWERVE!
Oh-oh! Bikes don't float. They . . .
SPLISH!
SPLASH!
NTY 4.4.81
SINK! WAAGH!
Serves you right for letting our tyres down.
SINK
GURGLE!
HO! HO! We've let his whole bike down.

Cuddles


MUM
DAD
CUDDLES

I'm too busy to take you walkies, Cuddles! Perhaps Daddy will do it!
GAAH!
NO!...


...Daddy is going to play golfies!
There, there, Sweetheart! Selfish Daddy will take you walkies tomorrow.
WAAH!

Cuddles got a plan!

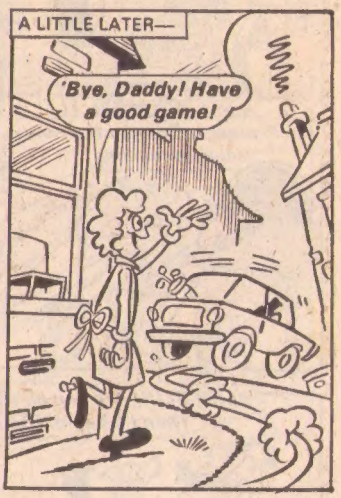
Cuddles make lasso with his laces!

Me get rid of Daddy's golf clubs then he'll take me walkies!
TIP!

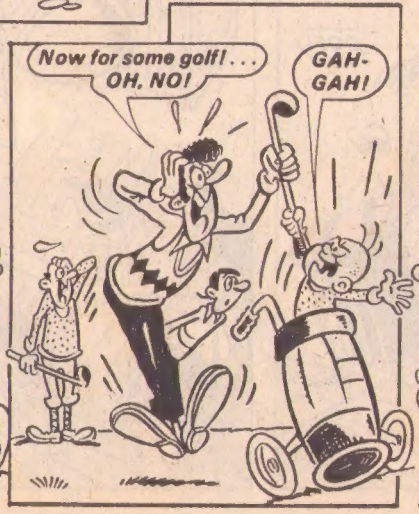
SHORTLY—
STOP! Those golf clubs shouldn't be in the bin!

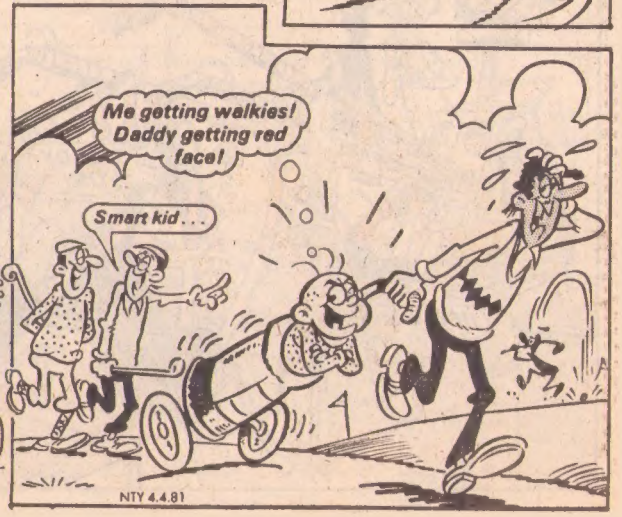
CUDDLES! I'll tan his hide! I'll...

Look! Cuddles has made a lasso, Daddy! He's wonderful!
TWIRL
BAH!
PAT


A LITTLE LATER—
'Bye, Daddy! Have a good game!

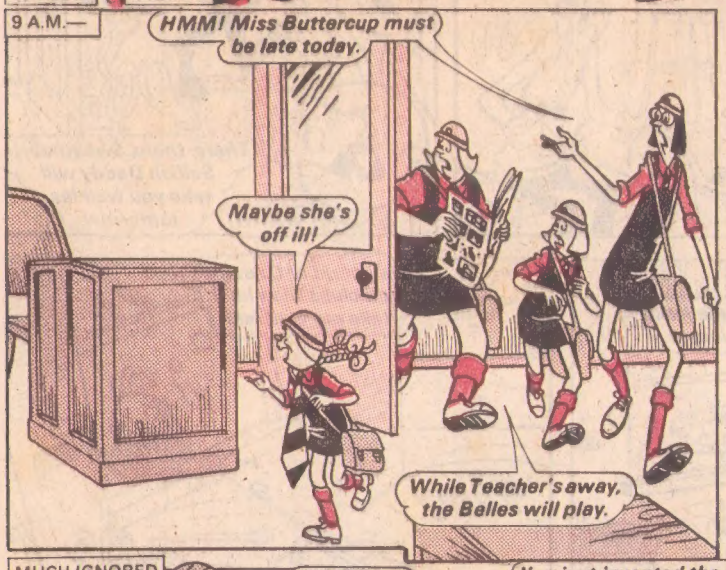
Hi, boys! Thought I'd never get away from Cuddles today!

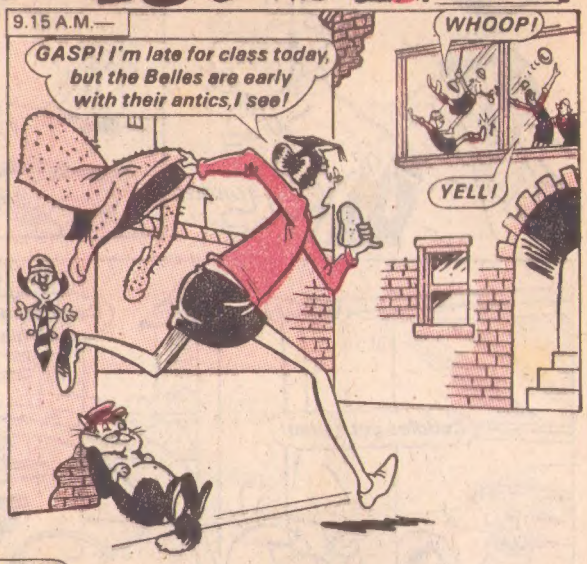

Now for some golf!... OH, NO!
GAH-GAH!

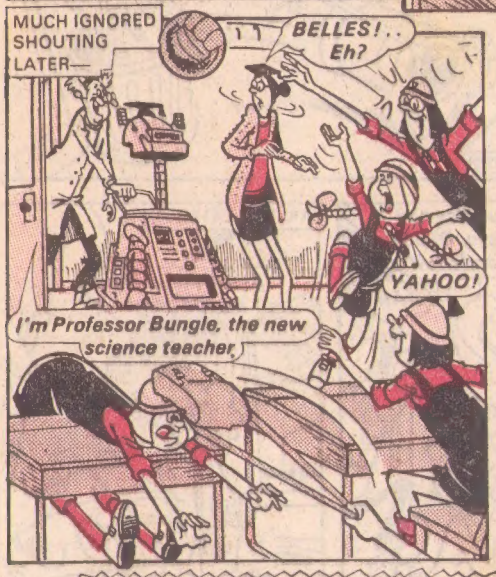

Me getting walkies! Daddy getting red face!
Smart kid...
NTY 4.4.81

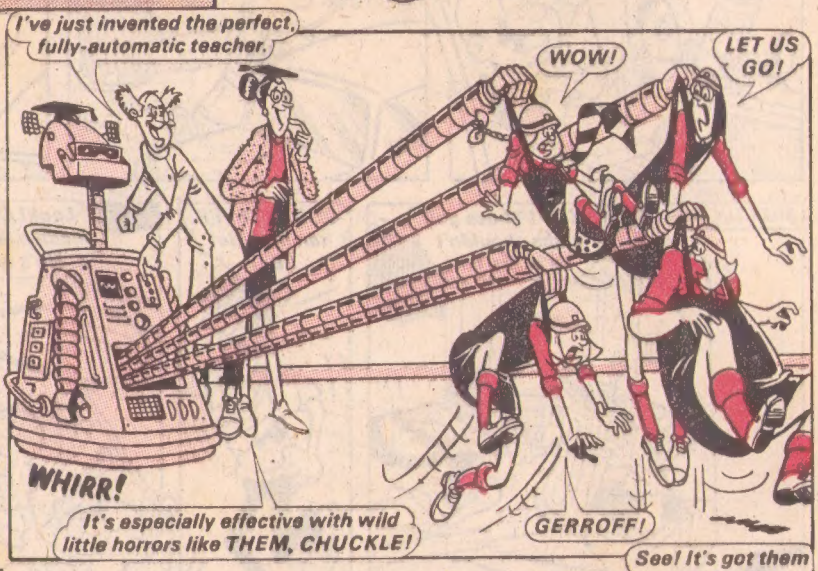
The School Belles

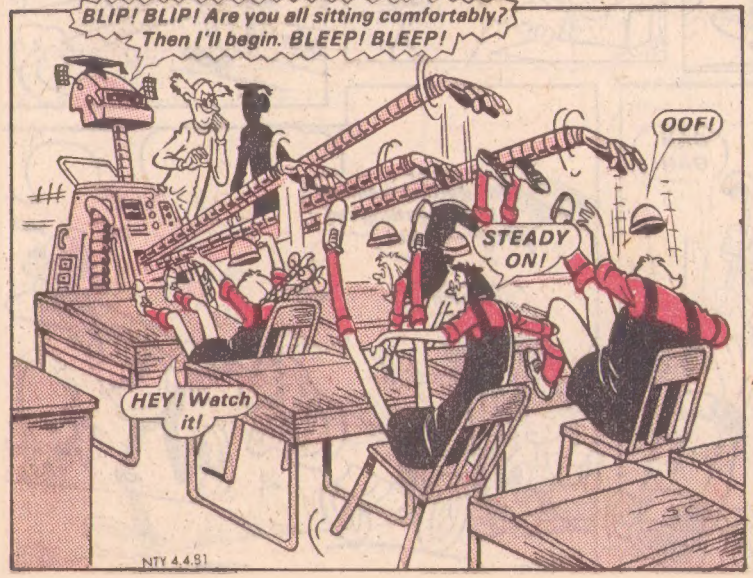
DAISY VIOLET ROSE MARIGOLD

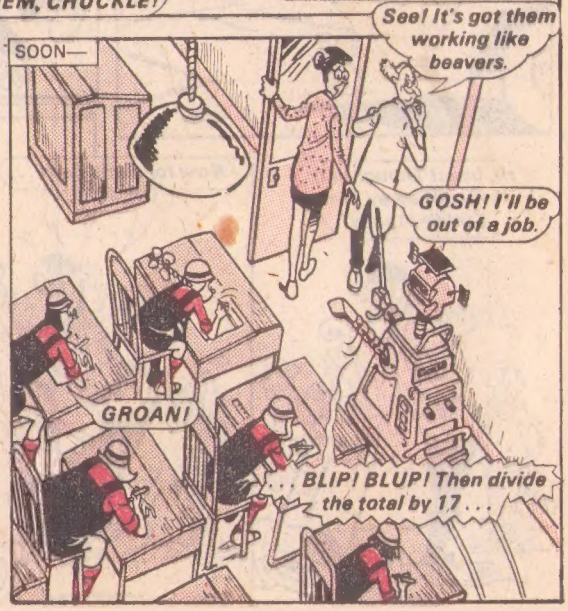


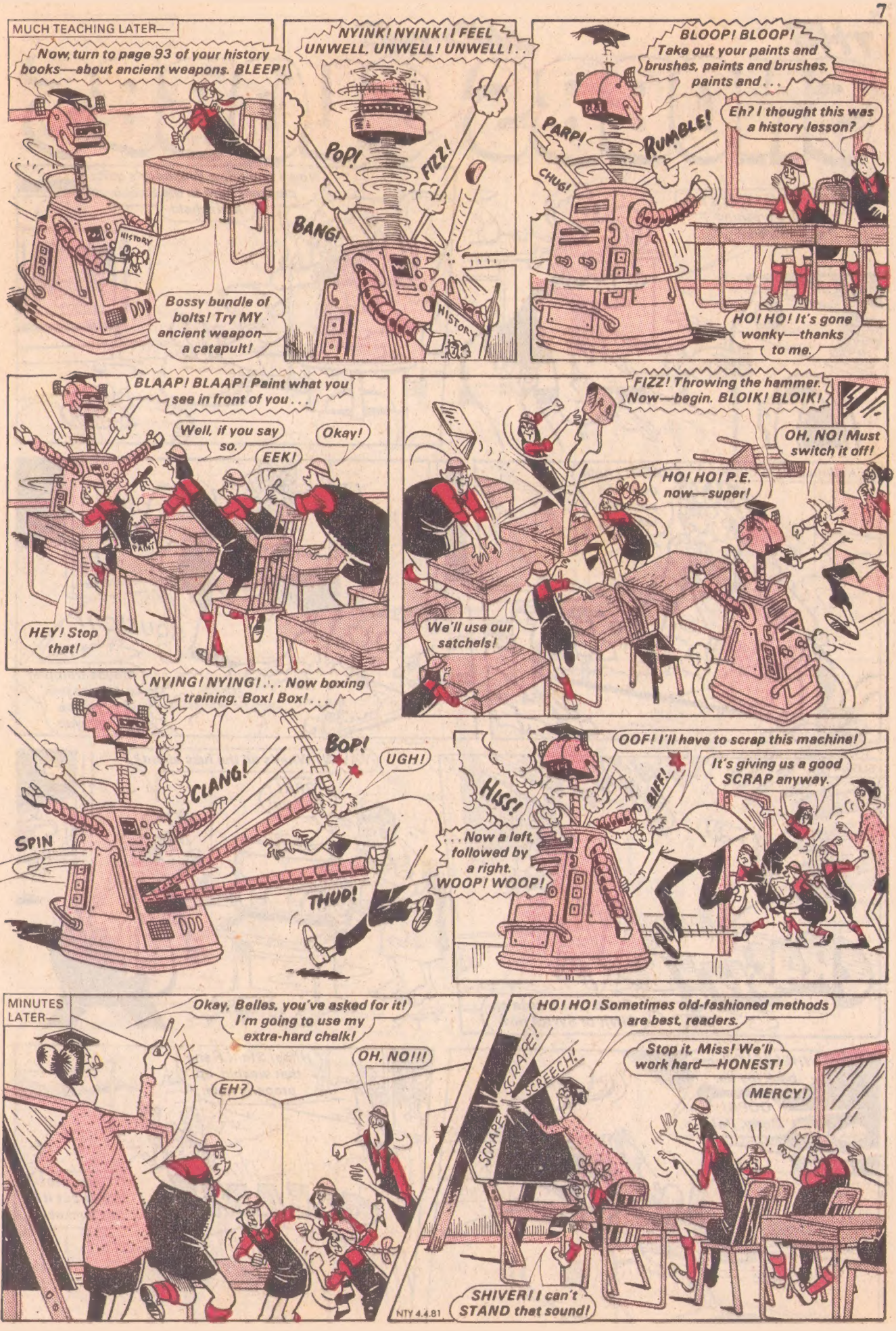






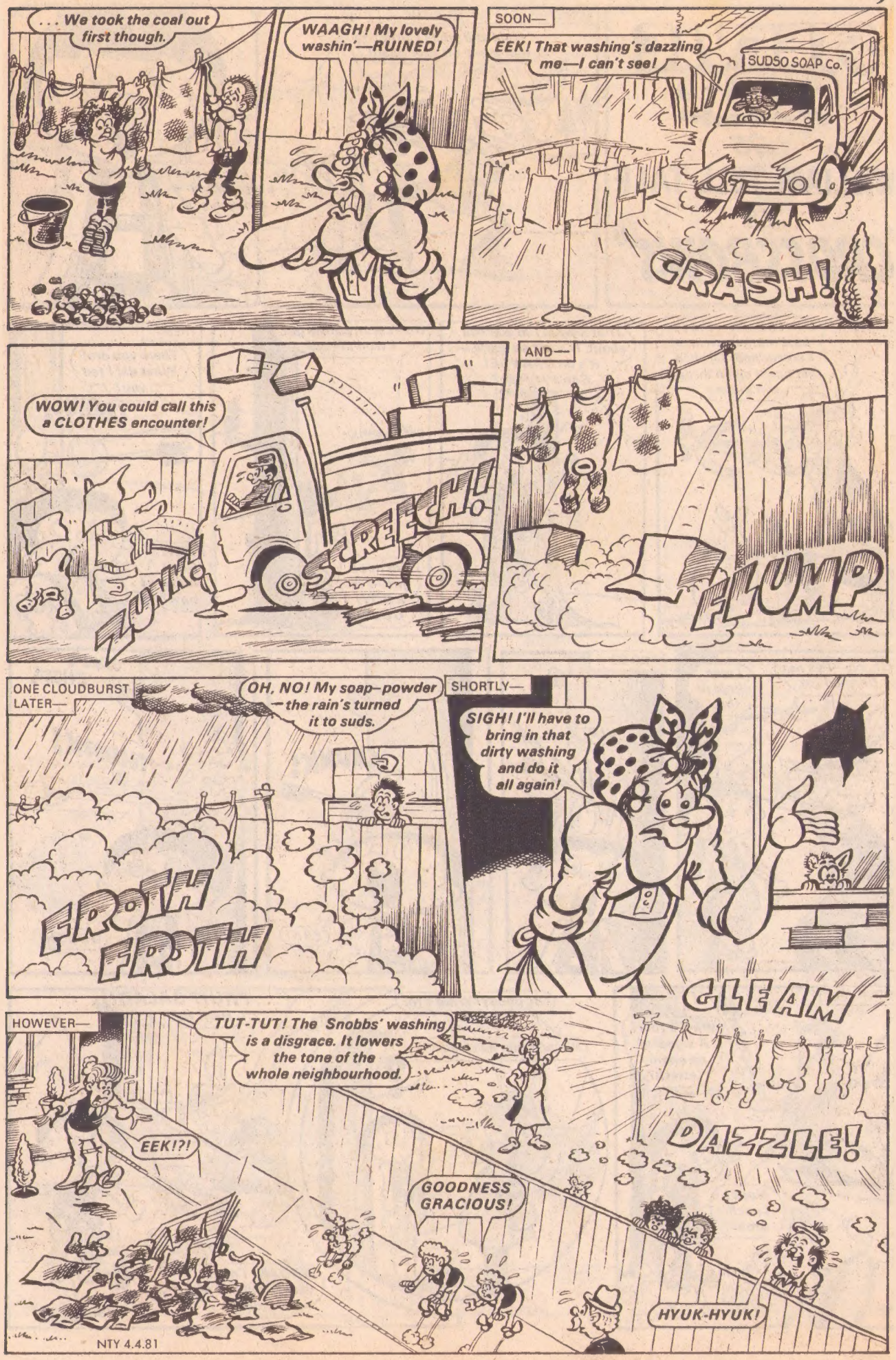




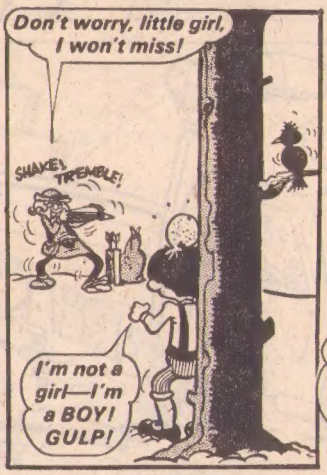

MUCH TEACHING LATER—
Now, turn to page 93 of your history books—about ancient weapons. BLEEP!
HISTORY
Bossy bundle of bolts! Try MY ancient weapon—a catapult!
NYINK! NYINK! I FEEL UNWELL. UNWELL! UNWELL!..
POP!
FIZZ!
BANG!
HISTORY
BLOOP! BLOOP! Take out your paints and brushes, paints and brushes, paints and...
PARP!
RUMBLE!
CHUG!
Eh? I thought this was a history lesson?
HO! HO! It's gone wonky—thanks to me.
BLAAP! BLAAP! Paint what you see in front of you...
Well, if you say so.
EEK!
Okay!
PAINT
HEY! Stop that!
FIZZ! Throwing the hammer. Now—begin. BLOIK! BLOIK!
OH, NO! Must switch it off!
HO! HO! P.E. now—super!
We'll use our satchels!
NYING! NYING!... Now boxing training. Box! Box!...
BOP!
UGH!
CLANG!
SPIN
THUD!
OOF! I'll have to scrap this machine!
It's giving us a good SCRAP anyway.
HISS!
BIFF!
...Now a left, followed by a right. WOOP! WOOP!
MINUTES LATER—
Okay, Belles, you've asked for it! I'm going to use my extra-hard chalk!
OH, NO!!!
EH?
HO! HO! Sometimes old-fashioned methods are best, readers.
Stop it, Miss! We'll work hard—HONEST!
MERCY!
SCRAPE!
SCRAPE!
SCREECH!
SHIVER! I can't STAND that sound!
NTY 4.4.81

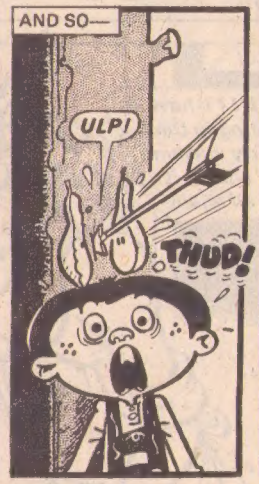
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS

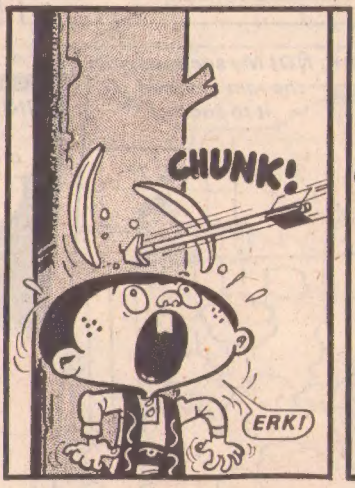
TUM-TI-TUM! That's this week's washing underway.
PRESS
Now I can relax. Washday's quite pleasant here in the Snobb household.
MEANWHILE, NEXT DOOR—
GASP! I hate doin' the perishin' washin'!
SQUELCH!
Maybe tramplin' the washin' will be quicker.
BUT—
CRASH!
GLUB! It's a case of SINK or SWIM now.
YAWN! What's all the fuss about?
GRR! Belt-up!
WHEEZE! Gimme back my tie.
OOPS! Sorry, Pa!
DRAG
SQUEEZE
NTY 4.4.81
Hilda! Stan! Hang that washin' up properly now.
GLEAM!
Okay, Ma! We've put it in this bucket...

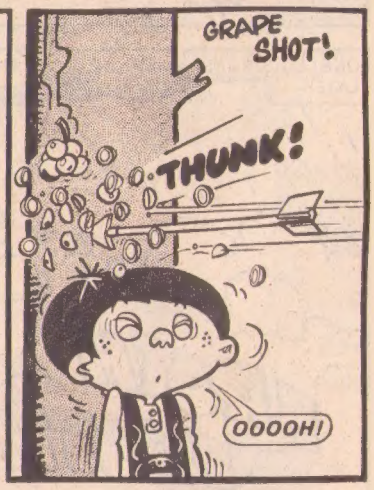

. . . We took the coal out first though.
WAAGH! My lovely washin'—RUINED!
SOON—
EEK! That washing's dazzling me—I can't see!
SUDSO SOAP Co.
CRASH!
WOW! You could call this a CLOTHES encounter!
ZUNK!
SCREECH!
AND—
FLUMP
ONE CLOUDBURST LATER—
OH, NO! My soap-powder—the rain's turned it to suds.
FROTH FROTH
SHORTLY—
SIGH! I'll have to bring in that dirty washing and do it all again!
GLEAM
DAZZLE!
HOWEVER—
TUT-TUT! The Snobbs' washing is a disgrace. It lowers the tone of the whole neighbourhood.
EEK!?!
GOODNESS GRACIOUS!
HYUK-HYUK!
NTY 4.4.81

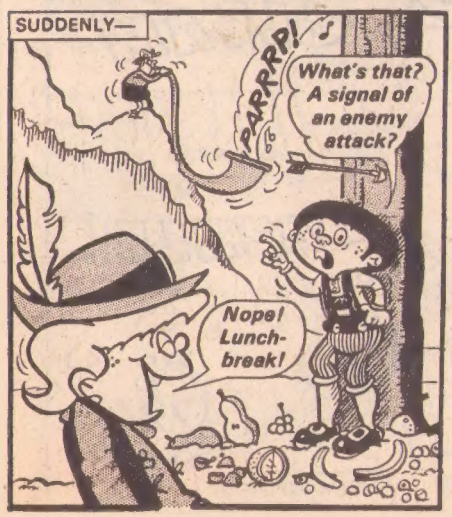
STEEVIE STAR as WILLIAM TELL-TALE in "CROSSBOWS"

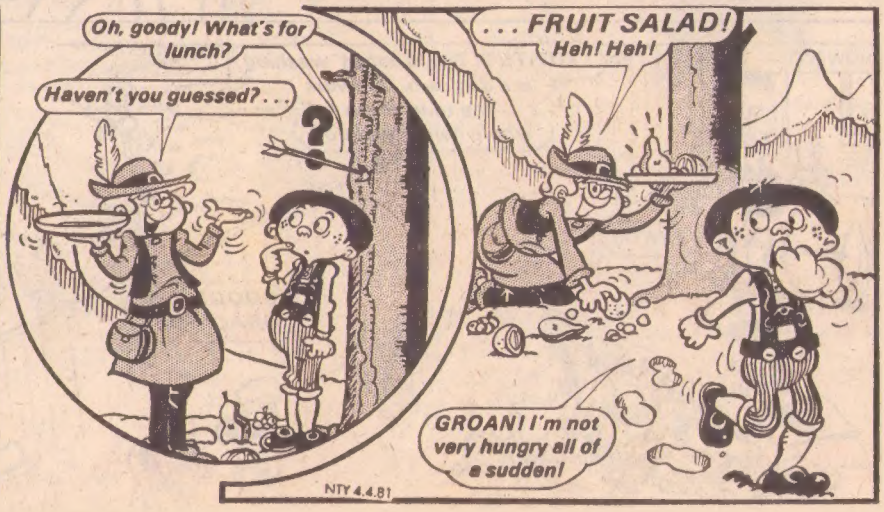












SPORTS FAN

'SME!

The referee for today's game is I.C. Little!

OH, NO! Him again! He's the ref who won't wear his glasses on the pitch!

NOTICE BOARD

TEAM LIST

He's really short-sighted! Remember the time he thought he was booking a player . . .

. . . And he was talking to the corner flag!

I won't tell you again . . .

And another time, when I was playing in goal . . .

. . . A dog ran over the goal-line . . .

. . . And the ref mistook it for the ball.

It was a goal! I saw the ball cross the line!

Then there was the time he tried to book Big Johnny . . .

. . . He got it wrong, as usual!

I'm booking you, number six!

HMM! I've got an idea, boys!

KICK-OFF TIME—

HOLD IT!

I know that voice!

A little birdie told me you've not been wearing your spectacles, Ian!

Sorry, Mum. It won't happen again!

It was me who phoned his mum. Clever, eh?

What's this? A GIRL on the pitch! I'm not having that! Bring on the substitute!

HMPH! Me and my big mouth!

NTY 4.4.81

THE WILD ROVERS

HUNK · MAGNUS PEEK · SINGH SONGH · PATCH · LADY

DOGSBODY · SILLY VILLY · TAFF · HAGGIS · BASIL CRUMB (DOG-CATCHER)

THE ROVERS ARE SLEEPING . . . AND DREAMING!

Nice day for a walk.

Nice day for a feed too!

YAAH!

SLURP! A sausage dog makes a great HOT DOG!

I'm doomed!

SCOTLAND

By yon bonnie banks . . .

WAIL! SCREECH!

The bagpipes! Must go and listen!

WAIL! Get him! SCREECH!

OH, NO! It's a cats' bus tour!

HELP! They're gaining on me! I'm finished!

Now, how can I get into this pet-food store?

PET FOOD

CRASH!

YELP!

Ooh! I'm stuck in here now! But who cares! I'll have plenty to eat!

OH, NO! There's nothing but budgie seed in here! I'm doomed.

BUDGIE SEED

It's all yours, Taff!

So nice of you to sell a Welsh dog a boat full of leeks.

HE-ELP! I can't swim!

It was a boat full of LEAKS he bought! Hur-hur!

THE ROVERS WAKE UP—

So did I!

We all did! Eating some of that cheese we found gave us nightmares!

Oh, what a horrible dream I had!

It was awful!

CHEESE

I like to see you doggies run!

It's Basil.

You don't frighten us after those dreams we had! That cheese is to blame!

Cheese? I love CHEESE! It's my favourite food!

Well help yourself!

GUZZLE! . . MUNCH! . . GULP!

CRUMB!

NTY 4.4.81

CRUMB! You're supposed to be catching those stray dogs, not dining with them.

B-boss . . .

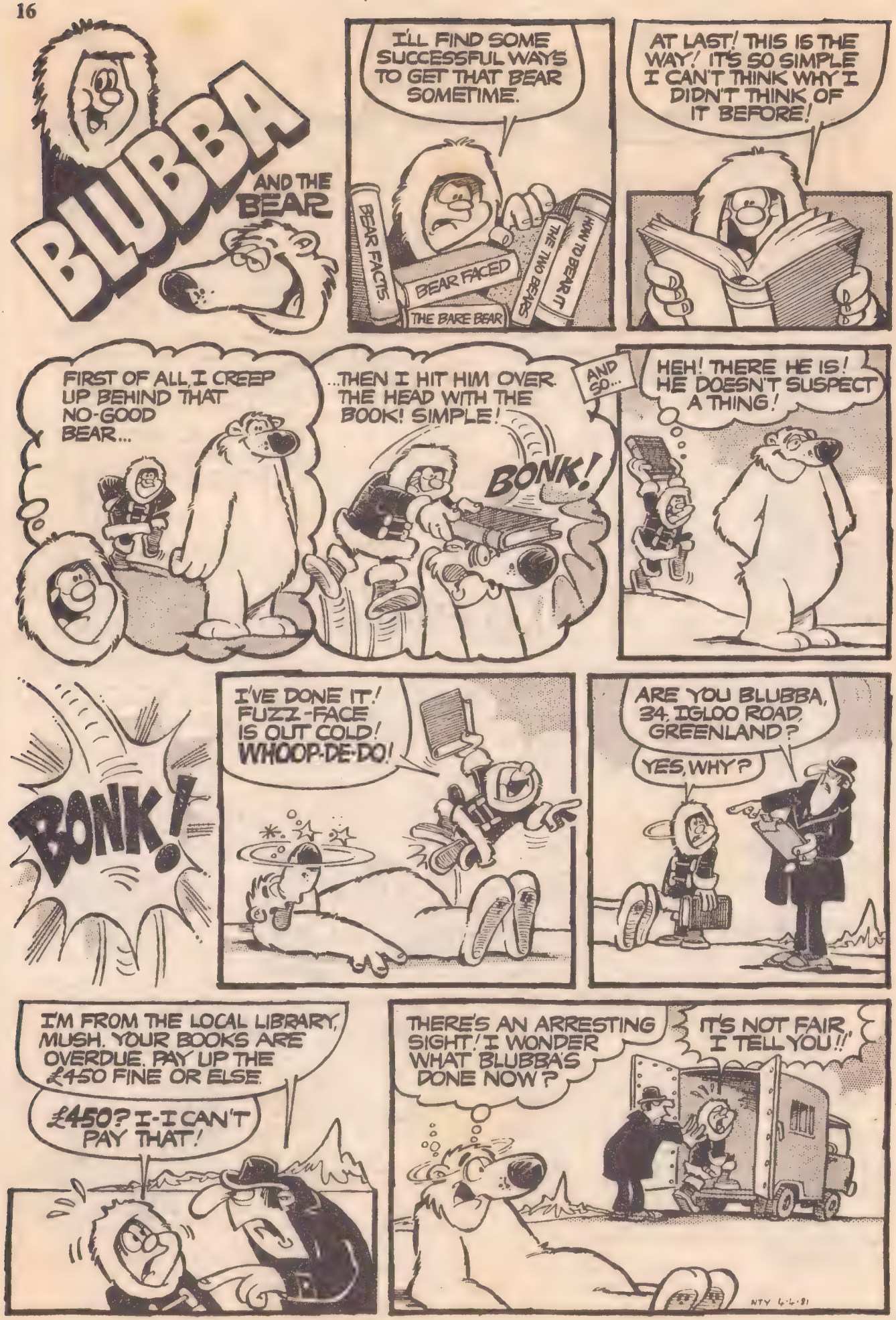
At least our nightmares are over! Basil's are just beginning!

IDIOT! . . FOOL! . .

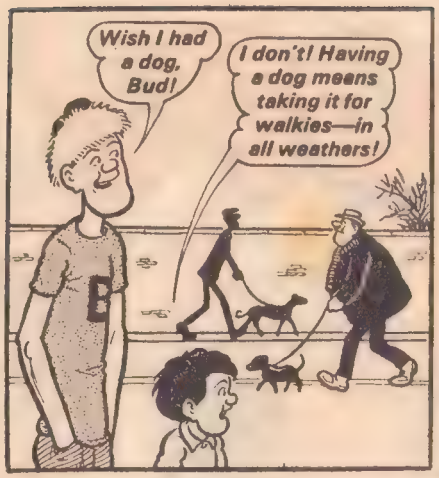
SAMUEL CREEPS
Look what Daddums has given me . . . a pocket calculator to help me do my sums!
Yeuch! Little swot!
Let's see if it works! If you took seven apples from me and six from my pal, what would you get?
Ooh! That's simple.
There's the answer— thirteen!
WRONG!
13
THIS is what you'd get if you took OUR apples!
THUMP!
YELP!
Now for some fun!
SEWING ROOM
HELP!
To work, fellow thugs!
SHORTLY—
Samuel's covered in pockets. He can count 'em with his POCKET calculator!
What's this? Bullying Samuel AND messing up my room!
ULP!
I'll give you fifty whacks each!
Psst! She can't count! We'll get off lightly!
HMM!
Allow me to keep count of the whacks, Miss!
How kind, Samuel! Counting's not my strong point!
MUCH WHACKING LATER—
Right! Who's next?
No chance of Teacher miscounting when I'm keeping the score with my pocket calculator!
NTY 4.4.81

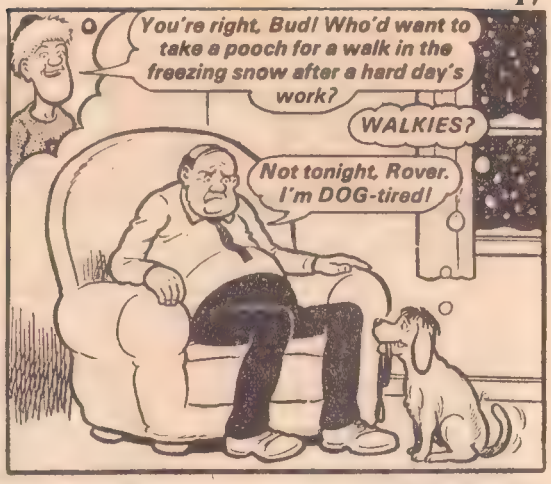
DOODLEBUG

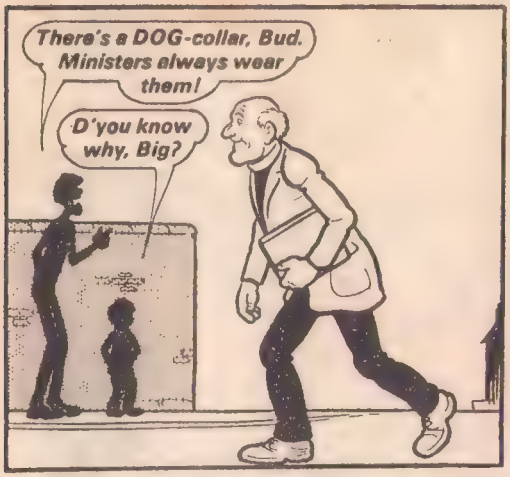
SNORE!
GRUNT!
GNASH! I haven't slept a wink'cos of that racket!
HOURS LATER—
SNORE!
LIGHT SLEEPER
I'll try to muffle the noise with my light shade.
ZZZ! WHEEZE!
GRR! It's always the same when Bed Bug comes to stay.
8 A.M.—
TRRING!
EEK! It can't be time to get up yet. I HATE getting up. WAAGH!
WOW! This isn't an early morning RISE!
KERRUMPH!
OOF! No—it's an early morning FALL!
GROAN! He's here for another two nights. What can I do?
SNORE! ZZZ!
SOON—
YAWN! I'm feeling rather drowsy, Doodlebug—help me put my hammock up.
BAH! I can't get a minutes peace!
Right! That's it up. Now in you get.
ZZZ! I'm sleepy just thinking about it!
OO-ER! Those trees aren't strong enough.
CREAK!
ZZZ! They're okay —AA . . . AAA . . .
TICKLE
CHOO!
WOW!
MUFFLED SNORES
HO! HO! Sleep TIGHT, Bed Bug!
NTY 4.4.81

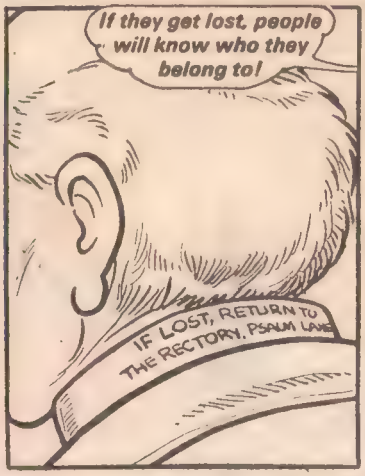

BUBBA
AND THE BEAR
I'LL FIND SOME SUCCESSFUL WAYS TO GET THAT BEAR SOMETIME.
BEAR FACTS
BEAR FACED
THE BARE BEAR
THE TWO BEARS
HOW TO BEAR IT
AT LAST! THIS IS THE WAY! IT'S SO SIMPLE I CAN'T THINK WHY I DIDN'T THINK OF IT BEFORE!
FIRST OF ALL, I CREEP UP BEHIND THAT NO-GOOD BEAR...
...THEN I HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH THE BOOK! SIMPLE!
BONK!
AND SO...
HEH! THERE HE IS! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING!
BONK!
I'VE DONE IT! FUZZ-FACE IS OUT COLD! WHOOP-DE-DO!
ARE YOU BLUBBA, 34, IGLOO ROAD, GREENLAND?
YES, WHY?
I'M FROM THE LOCAL LIBRARY, MUSH. YOUR BOOKS ARE OVERDUE. PAY UP THE £450 FINE OR ELSE.
£450? I-I CAN'T PAY THAT!
THERE'S AN ARRESTING SIGHT! I WONDER WHAT BLUBBA'S DONE NOW?
IT'S NOT FAIR, I TELL YOU!!
NTY 4-4-81

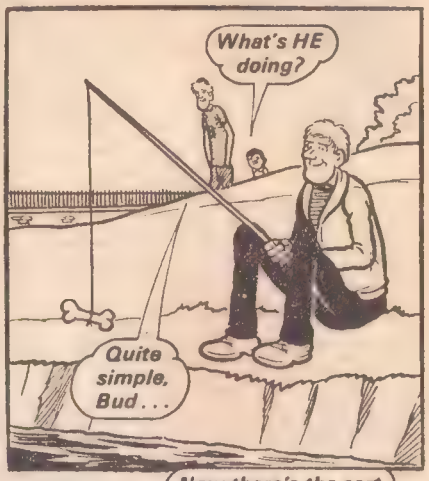
BIG 'N' BUD

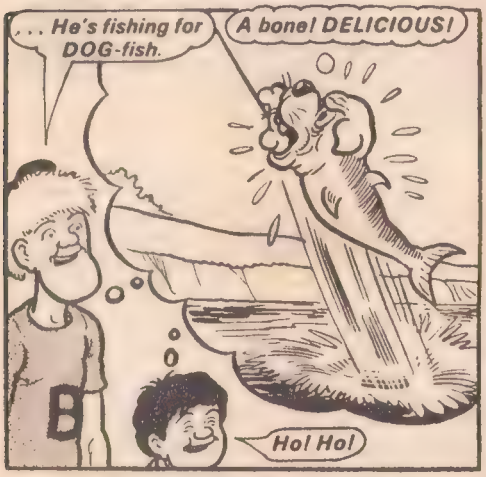

Wish I had a dog, Bud!
I don't! Having a dog means taking it for walkies—in all weathers!


You're right, Bud! Who'd want to take a pooch for a walk in the freezing snow after a hard day's work?
WALKIES?
Not tonight, Rover. I'm DOG-tired!


There's a DOG-collar, Bud. Ministers always wear them!
D'you know why, Big?

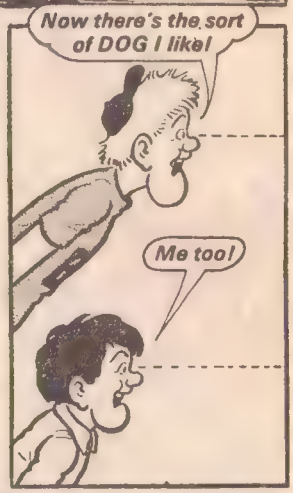

If they get lost, people will know who they belong to!
IF LOST, RETURN TO THE RECTORY, PSALM LANE

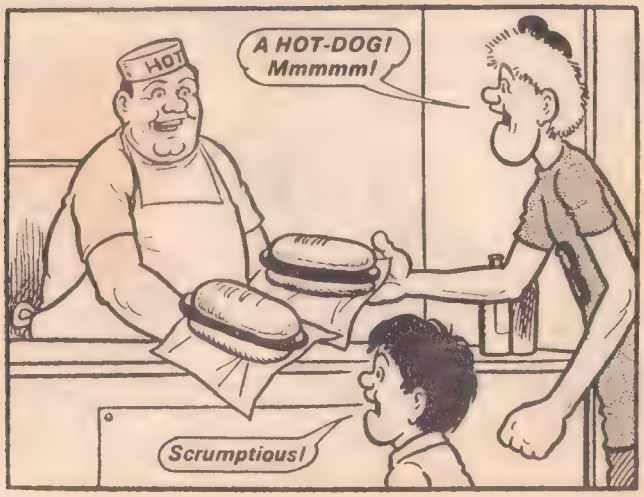

What's HE doing?
Quite simple, Bud . . .

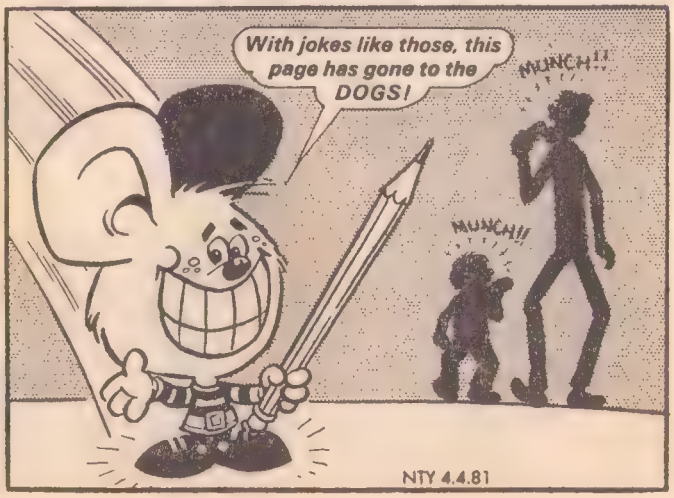

. . . He's fishing for DOG-fish.
A bone! DELICIOUS!
Ho! Ho!

When I was out last night, it was raining cats and dogs!
You don't say!

I do say! I stepped in a couple of POODLES! HAR! HAR!
Ho! Ho! Good one, Big!


Now there's the sort of DOG I like!
Me too!


HOT
A HOT-DOG! Mmmmm!
Scrumptious!


With jokes like those, this page has gone to the DOGS!
MUNCH!!
MUNCH!!
NTY 4.4.81

SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS.

That's me, folks!

EDITOR: Our Sports Reporter is on holiday! Go and do a match report on the City-United cup final!

BONK!

RATTLE!

WAHEY! Okay-dokey, Boss!

AT CITY'S GROUND—

The atmosphere's great. There's bound to be a big crowd! Wonder if Jimmy Hill's here?

Afternoon, dear sir. Press!

EH?

PRESS, sir? Certainly, sir!

PRESS

OOOF!

Everyone knows you don't get dog reporters. Clear off, sonny!

BOOT!

AAAGH!

URF! Bloomin' cheek. "You don't get dog reporters!" Just wait till I tell the R.S.P.C.A. about this.

DOING!

DOING!

Wait a minute! A cannon! That could be a way to get in, avoiding that gorilla!

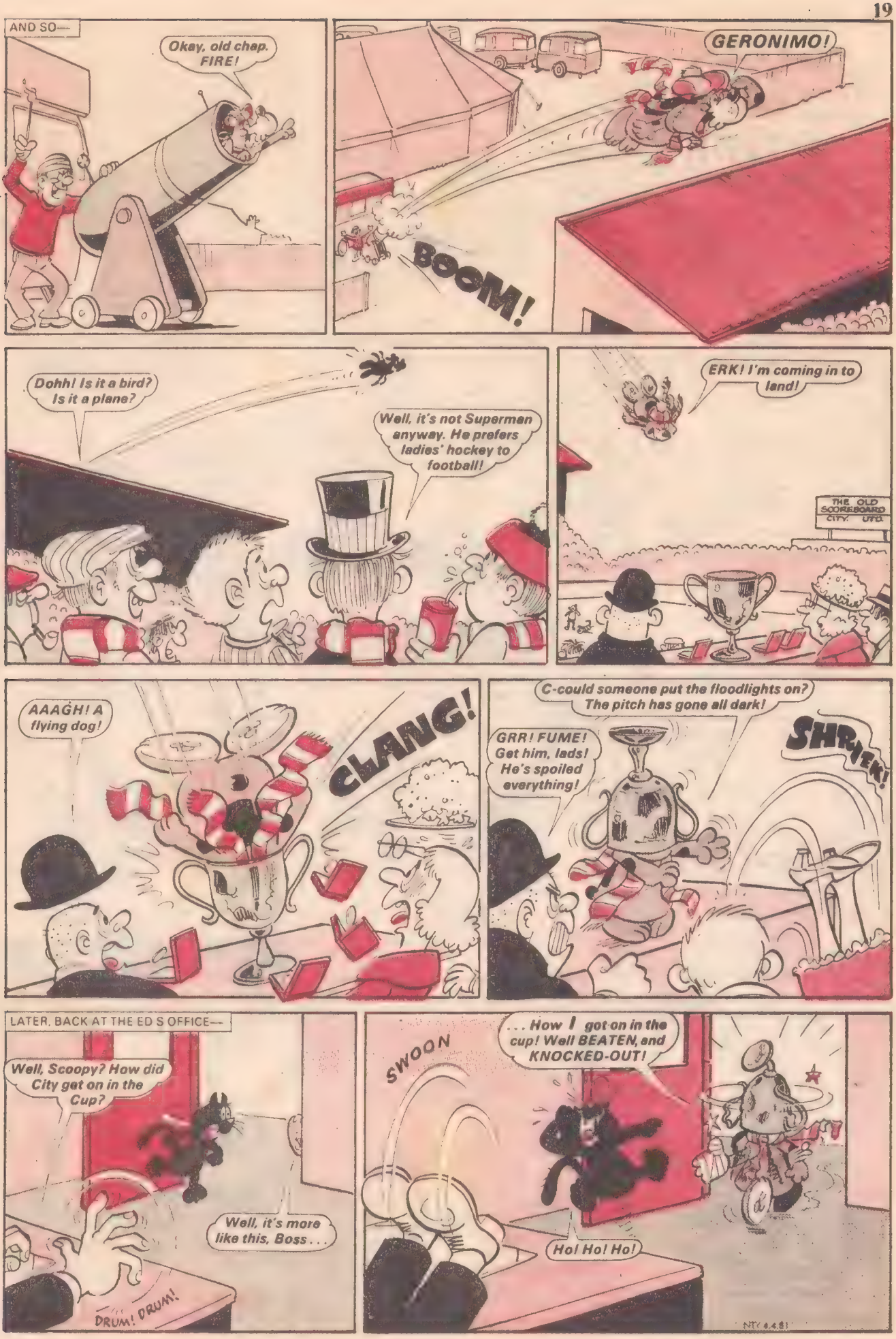
HUMAN CANNONBALL

CIRCUS

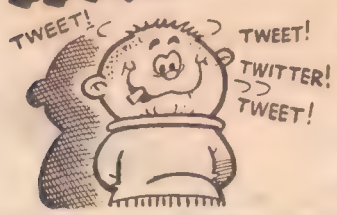
Excuse me, your Human Cannonballness. Could you . . . WHISPER . . . WHISPER?

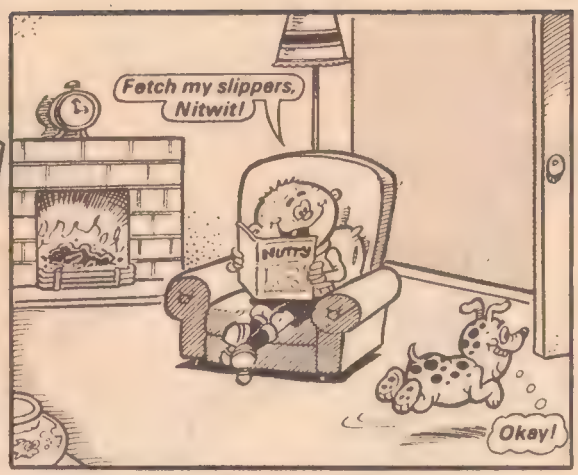
Why certainly, Scoopy!

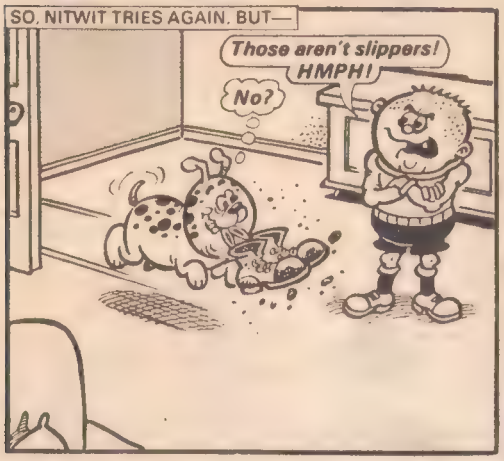
NTY 4.4.81

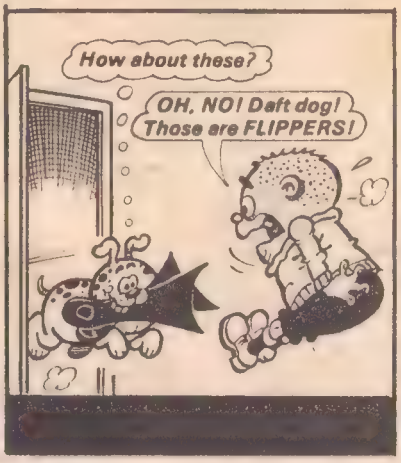

AND SO—
Okay, old chap. FIRE!
GERONIMO!
BOOM!
Dohh! Is it a bird? Is it a plane?
Well, it's not Superman anyway. He prefers ladies' hockey to football!
ERK! I'm coming in to land!
THE OLD SCOREBOARD
CITY UTD.
AAAGH! A flying dog!
CLANG!
C-could someone put the floodlights on? The pitch has gone all dark!
GRR! FUME! Get him, lads! He's spoiled everything!
SHRIEK!
LATER, BACK AT THE ED S OFFICE—
Well, Scoopy? How did City get on in the Cup?
Well, it's more like this, Boss . . .
DRUM! DRUM!
SWOON
. . . How I got on in the cup! Well BEATEN, and KNOCKED-OUT!
Ho! Ho! Ho!

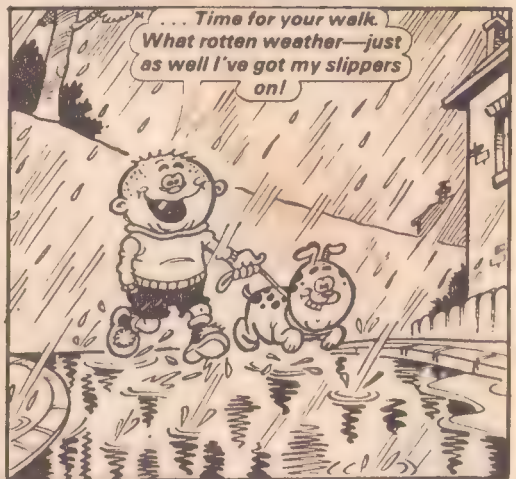
TWEET WILLIAM



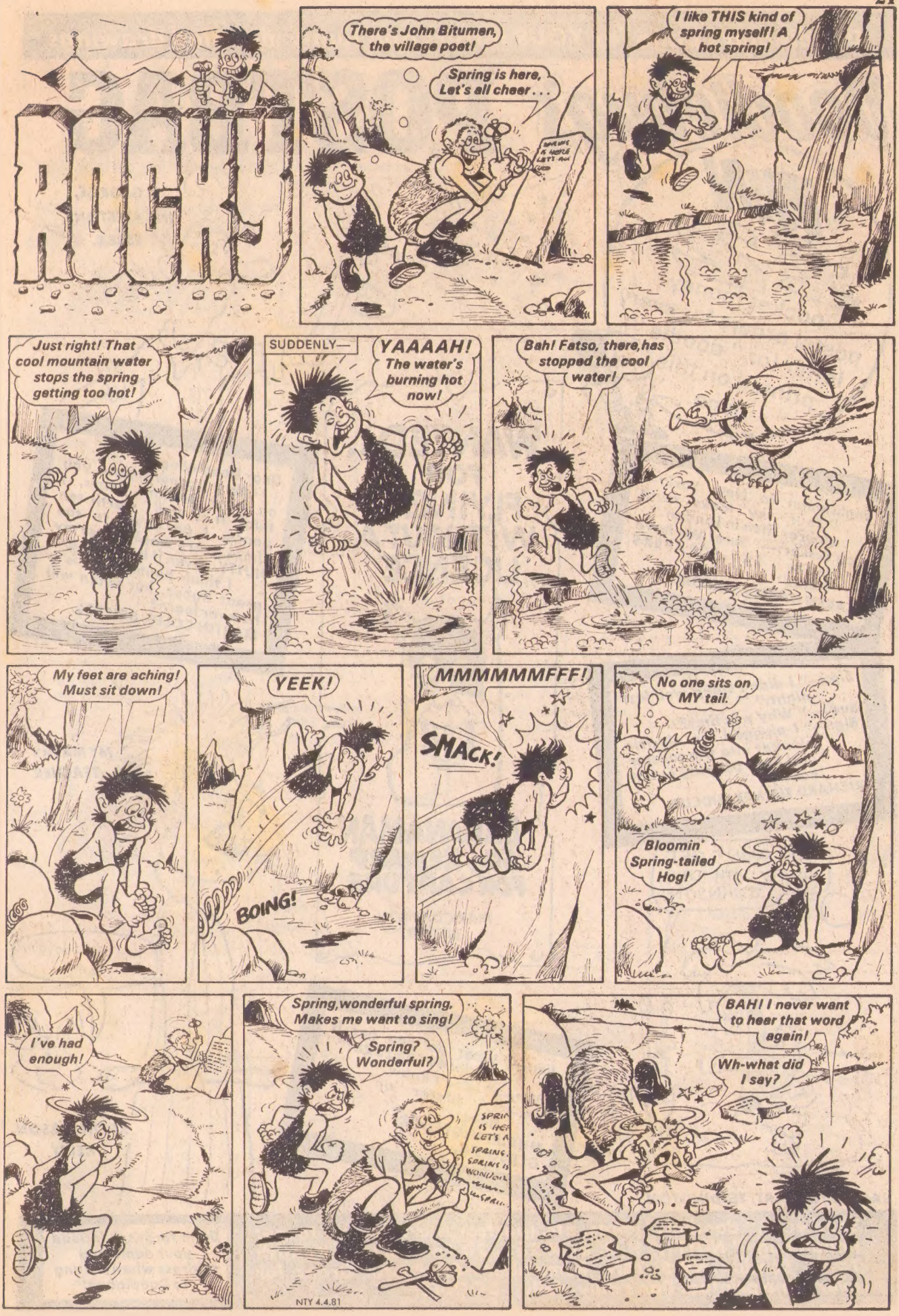








From the next issue (April 11th), your copy of " Nutty " will cost 12p.


ROCKY
There's John Bitumen, the village poet!
Spring is here, Let's all cheer...
I like THIS kind of spring myself! A hot spring!
Just right! That cool mountain water stops the spring getting too hot!
SUDDENLY—
YAAAAH! The water's burning hot now!
Bah! Fatso, there has stopped the cool water!
My feet are aching! Must sit down!
YEEK!
BOING!
MMMMMMFFF!
SMACK!
No one sits on MY tail.
Bloomin' Spring-tailed Hog!
I've had enough!
Spring, wonderful spring, Makes me want to sing!
Spring? Wonderful?
NTY 4.4.81
BAH! I never want to hear that word again!
Wh-what did I say?

Doodlebug's page for YOUR letters and funny doodled drawings

Doodlebug's POSTBAG

WIN £2 pocket money postal orders for every letter (or "doodle") printed on this page.

T. GEORGE, INGATESTONE, ESSEX.

Englishman in New York:—"Your sky looks much clearer than in London." Cab Driver:—"Sure! We have more SKY-SCRAPERS here!"
KAREN HARRIS, OXFORD.

WANTED... FOR FLYING WITHOUT A LICENCE

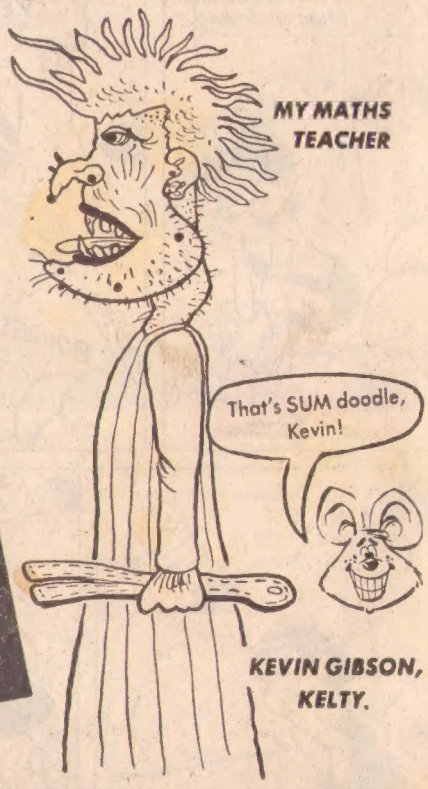
BANANAMAN 50p REWARD FOR CAPTURE

MARK DAYSON, LUTON.

Dear Doodlebug,
May I congratulate you on your brilliant comic. I think it is well worth ten pence. I go down to the shops every week to get my NUTTY—even if it's raining.
I think Bananaman is a great figher, but when will he ever learn?
MARTIN COLES, BRISTOL.

Big:—"I didn't sleep well last night."
Bud:—"Why was that?"
Big:—"I plugged the electric blanket into the toaster and kept popping out of bed."
RICHARD TURNER, SIDCUP.

JAMES STODDART, TEDDINGTON.



MY MATHS TEACHER

KEVIN GIBSON, KELTY.

Jim:—"What do you get if you dial 497862328?"
John:—"I don't know."
Jim:—"A blister on your finger!"
MHAIRI McGREGOR, GLASGOW.

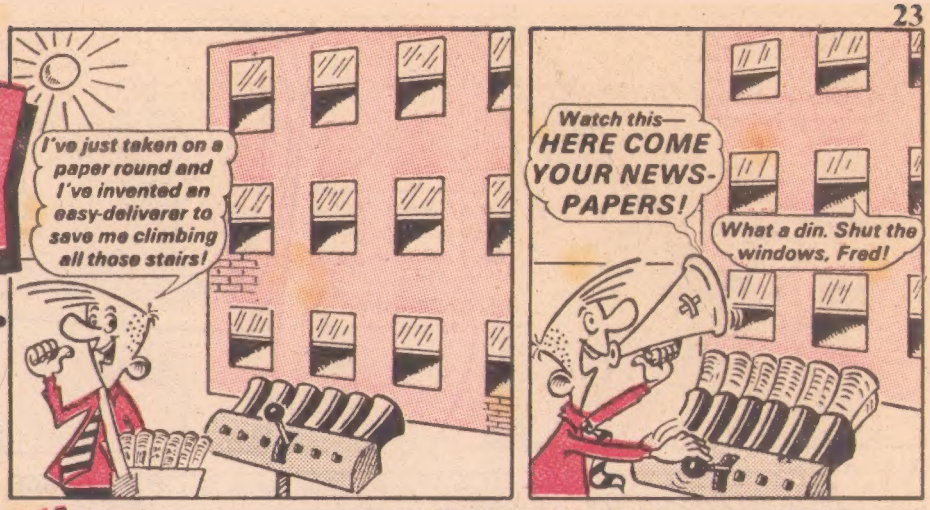
NTY 4.4.81

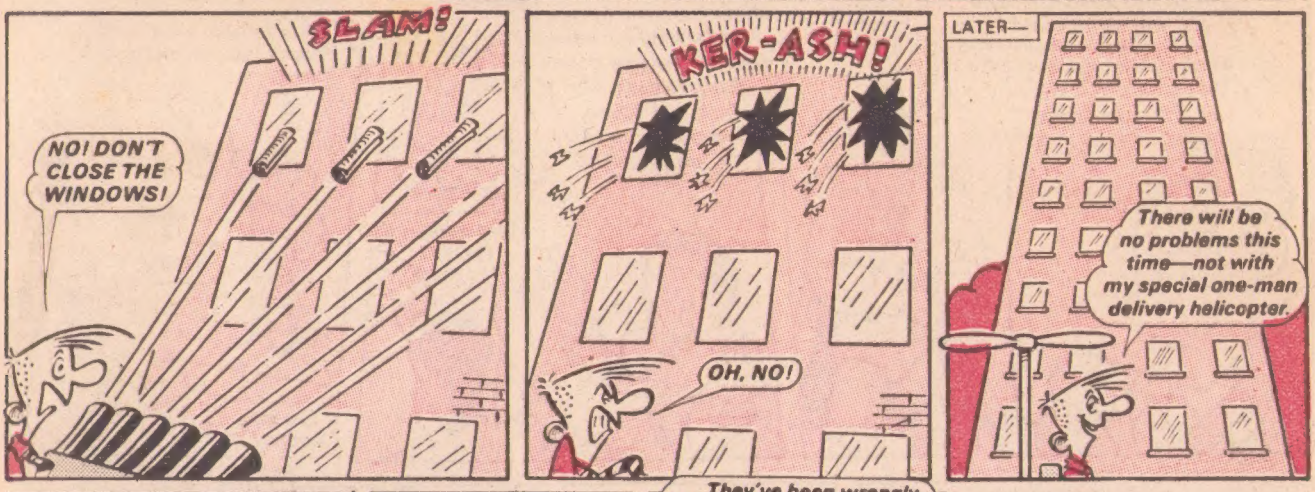
Send your "doodles," jokes, etc. (postcards are better) to me; Doodlebug, "NUTTY," P.O. BOX 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London NW5 3BN. Remember—£2 Postal Order for every one printed. Don't dilly-dally—DOODLE!

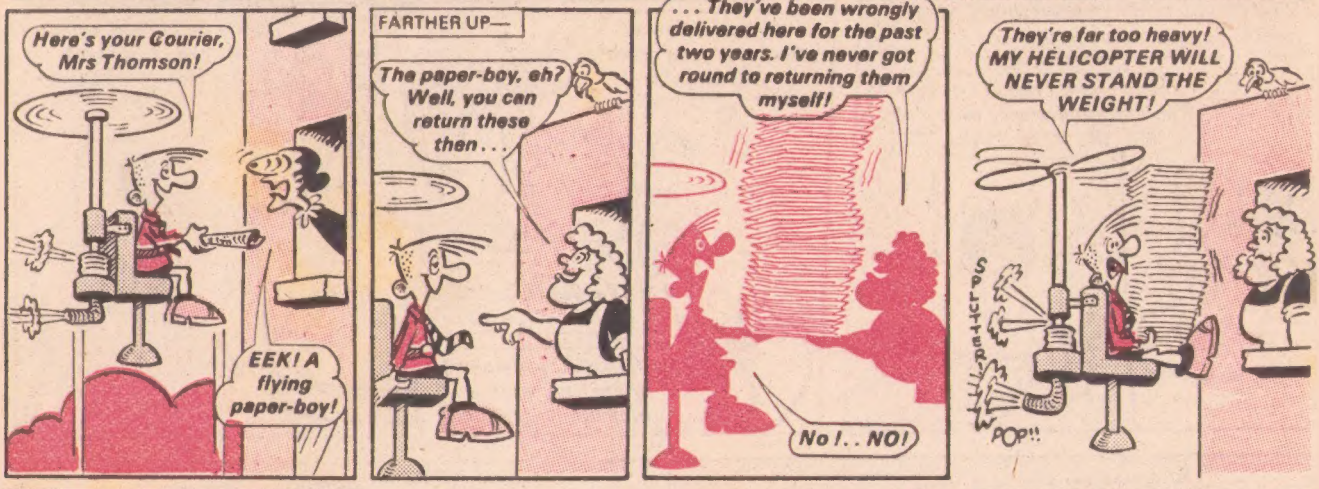
Don't forget to include your name and address when writing to Doodlebug!

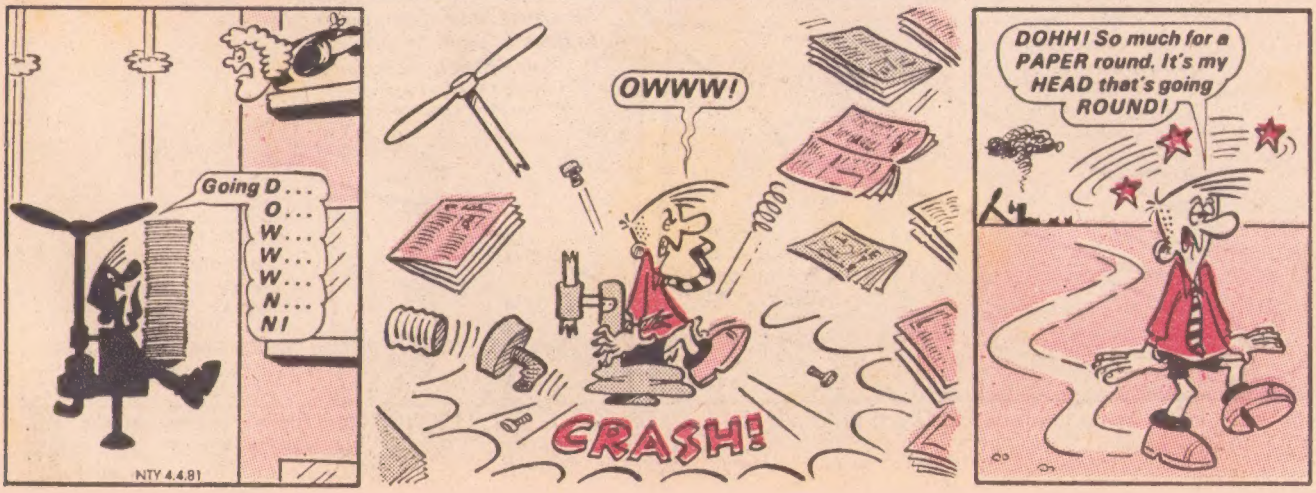
WACKY

The CRACKPOT INVENTOR


I've just taken on a paper round and I've invented an easy-deliverer to save me climbing all those stairs!
Watch this— HERE COME YOUR NEWS-PAPERS!
What a din. Shut the windows, Fred!




Here's your Courier, Mrs Thomson!
EEK! A flying paper-boy!
FARTHER UP—
The paper-boy, eh? Well, you can return these then . . .
. . . They've been wrongly delivered here for the past two years. I've never got round to returning them myself!
No ! . . NO!
They're far too heavy! MY HELICOPTER WILL NEVER STAND THE WEIGHT!
SPLUTTER
POP!!



Continued from front page.

I came here just to rescue a DUMMY?

THAT'S RIGHT! You were lured here on purpose because— BANANAMAN...

Eh?

... Hero, man of destiny, tonight—THIS WAS YOUR LIFE!

It's... it's... it's TERRY WOGAN! No, it's...

... MICHAEL PARKINSON... No, that's not right, either. It's...

Eamonn Android, actually! Bananaman, you were born at a very early age...

... You did, in fact, come from the Moon. And look who's here tonight—we've flown them in specially from the Moon. Come in, your real parents!

Mum and Dad! WOW!

We never did like him. That's why we sent him to Earth!

And here are the kind couple who brought you up...

... Martha and Harry Wimp.

I'm so happy! SNIFF!

And do you remember all those villains you put away in the nick?

Too right, I do! A horrible collection of nasty criminals, the lot of them!

Well, they've all broken out to greet you tonight!

HELLO, BANANAMAN!

SHUCKS! I always knew they were a nice bunch really!

Unfortunately, none of us could be here in person as you're at least two million miles from Earth!

Yes, you clot! This is a video recording, playing aboard a rocket ship we lured you into! HO! HO!

ZOINKS! I've been tricked!

You're doomed, Bananabrain! This space-ship is programmed to head straight for the SUN! You'll never get out in time! HAW! HAW!

GAZOLKS! It's getting hot in here!

THE SUN

NO TOAST MAKING HERE!

WELL, FOLKS! IS IT THE END FOR OUR HERO, OR CAN HE ESCAPE IN TIME? FIND OUT— IN NEXT WEEK'S " NUTTY "!

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